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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Youth

Date of Earliest Known Edition (Fragment here included), not earlier than 1528
[*Lambeth Palace Library*]

Date of Original of this ("Waley's") Edition, c. 1557
[*B.M. Press-mark, C.* 34, *b.* 24]

Date of Original of "Copland's" Edition (already issued), c. 1560
[*B.M. Press-mark, C.* 34, *e.* 38: *also "Irish find," bought by Quaritch: also Bodleian*]

Reproduced in Facsimile 1909

Youth * 1. Lambeth Fragment
* 2. Waley edition

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Youth

(1) *Fragment of 8pp. now preserved in Lambeth Palace Library* [*not earlier than* 1528]

(2) *Waley's Edition* [*c.* 1557]

Issued for Subscribers by

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET

LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH

MCMIX

A.22436

Youth

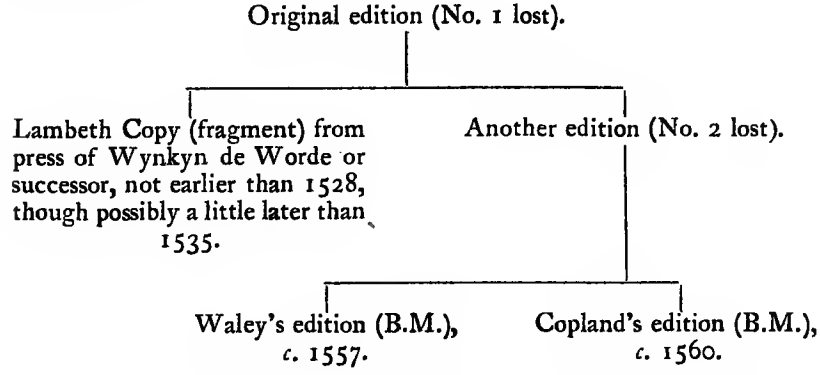
The present facsimiles of (1) *the "Lambeth Palace Fragment" of "Youth," and* (2) *the "Waley edition" of the same play, together with* (3) *the "Copland edition"* (*already issued in this series*), *comprise all known impressions of one of the most curious and interesting survivals of Early English Drama. It is suspected that other editions of this interlude were issued—probably there were five in all—though they are not now known to be extant.*

These three known editions form the subject of an exhaustive and valuable monograph by Professor W. Bang (*of the University of Louvain*) *and Mr. R. B. M'Kerrow in the twelfth volume of the series intituled "Materialien zur Kunde des älteren Englischen Dramas." I am indebted to this source: I have made use, in a summarised form, of material collected, of evidence sifted, of ascertained facts orderly arranged and precised, and of deductions resulting therefrom. Space* (*to say nothing of literary good manners*) *permits no more; save, may-be to emphasise the completeness of research, the soundness of conclusion, and my indebtedness thereto. Still, I give but a summary: scholars* must *consult this authority in detail.*

Reference, I premise, has been made to my Introduction to the "Copland edition" of "Youth" ("*Tudor Facsimile Texts*") *wherein, amongst other matters, I related the circumstances attending the recovery of the "Lambeth fragment."*

The dates are uncertain, both for the "Waley" and the "Copland" editions—probably, however, c. 1557 *and* c. 1560 *respectively are not far out. The "Lambeth fragment" is confidently ascribed "either to the press of Wynkyn de Worde, or of someone who came into possession of his type and wood-blocks after he ceased to print in* 1535." *On the other hand, it is certain that it was not printed earlier than* 1528.

As regards the relationship of the texts, it is clearly shown in "Materialien" that one or more editions of this play have been lost; that textually neither the "Waley" nor the "Copland" copies could have been printed from the "Lambeth fragment," either directly or by reversed descent; that probably two editions have been lost, viz., a first edition from which the "Lambeth" and the "Lost edition No. 2*" were printed; and, finally, that it was from the "Lost edition No.* 2*" that both the "Waley" and the "Copland" copies were printed, the formula being somewhat as follows:—*



On equally good grounds Waley's text is set down as nearer the original than Copland's, which, however, is more correctly printed than Waley's.

Mr. J. A. Herbert of the Manuscript Department

of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile of the "Waley" edition with the original, says:—"It is excellently reproduced, most of the slight defects to which I have called attention being probably unavoidable: none of them are of any real consequence."

Mr. Fleming is to be congratulated also on the results obtained in respect to the "Lambeth fragment" of 8 *pp. It so happens that the editors of the "Materialien" series reproduced these pages in facsimile; and, on comparison, a marked improvement will be observed in the present collotypes.*

Mr. Herbert specially criticises (*Waley ed.*) (1) *A. ii*, verso, "*as rather too weak and wanting in sharpness*"; (2) *A. iv*, recto, *last line*, "*no flaw in the last three words*"; (3) B. ii, recto, *last line but one*, "*the stroke at end of line is not in original*"; (4) B. iii, verso, *and B. iv*, recto, *are both* "*printed a trifle too heavily*," "*especially the first few lines of the latter*"; (5) C. ii, verso, "*the set-off from the opposite pages comes out blacker here than in original, but that is probably unavoidable, and it only makes some letters somewhat less easy to read than in original—nothing is illegible.*"

JOHN S. FARMER.

[1. The "Lambeth Fragment" of the Interlude of Youth]

The enterlude of youth.

Charyte.

Jesu that his armes dyd spred
And on a tre was done to dede
From all perylles ye you defende
[illegible] yence tyll I haue made an ende
For I am come fro god a boue
To occupy his lawes to your behoue
And am named charyte
There may no man saued be
Without the [illegible]

Qui manet in charitate in deo manet
I am the yate I tell the
of heuen that ioyfull cyte
There may no man thyder come
But of charite he must haue some
Or he may not come ywys
Unto heuen the cyte of blysse
Therfore charite who wyll hym take
A pure soule it wyll hym make
Before the face of god
In the A.B.C. of bokes the lest
It is wryten (Deus charitas est)
Lo charite is a great thynge
Of all vertues it is the kynge
Whan god in erth was here lyuynge
Of charite he founde none endynge
I was planted in his harte
We two myght not departe
Out of his herte I dyde sprynge
Thrugh the myght of the heuen kynge
And all prestes that be
May synge no masse without charyte
And charyte to them they do not take
They may not receyue hym ỏ dyde them make
And all this worlde of nought

Youth

A backe felowes and gyue me rome
Or I shall make you to auoyde soone
I am goodly of persone

J. M. 45.

My heere is royall and bussched thycke
My body plyaunt as a hasyll stycke
Myne armes be bothe bygge and stronge
My fyngers be bothe fayre and longe
My chest bygge as a tunne
My legges be full lyght for to runne
To hoppe and daunce and make mery
By the masse I recke not a chery
What so euer I do
I am the heyre of all my fathers lande
And it is come in to my hande
I care for no more
Are you so dysposed to do — Charite.
To folowe vyce and let vertue go
Ye syr euen so — youthe.
For now a dayes he is not set by
Without he be vnthrysty.
Cyou had nede to aske god mercy — Charite.
Why dyd you so prayse your body
Why knaue what is that to the — youthe.
Wylte thou let me to prayse my body
Why shulde I not prayse it and it be goodly
I wyll not let for the
What shall it be whan thou shalte flytte — Charite.
Fro thy welthe in to the pytte
Therfore of it be not to bolde
Lest thou forthynke it whan thou arte olde
Ye may be lykened to a tre
In youthe floryssyhynge with royalte
And in age it is cut downe

Beware lest thou thyder go
Hens caytyfe go thy waye
Or with my dagger I shall the slaye
Hens knaue out of this place
Or I shall lay the on the face
Sayest thou that I shall go to hell
For euermore ther to dwell
I had leuer thou had euyll fare.

youthe. ¶ A yet syr do by my rede
And aske mercy for thy myslede
And thou shalte be an herytour of blysse
Where all ioye and myrth is
Where thou shalte se a glorypus syght
Of angels syngynge with sayntes bryght
Before the face of god.

Charite. ¶ What syrs aboue the skye
I had nede of a ladder to clymbe so hye
But what and the ladder slyppe
Than I am deceyued yet
And yf I fall I catche a quecke
I may fortune to breke my necke
And that ioynt is yll to set
Nay nay not so.

youthe. ¶ O yet remembre and call to thy mynde
The mercy of god passeth all thynge
For it is wryten by noble clerkes
The mercy of god passeth all werkes
That wytnesseth holy scrypture sayenge thus
Miserationes dñi super omnia opera eius
Therfore doubte not godes grace

BIBLIOTHEC A

Soyle me a questyon or ye cast out ony m
Lest whan your conynge is all done
My questyon haue no solucyon
Syr and it please you this
Why do men ete mustarde with saltfysh
Syr I pray you soyle me this questyon
That I haue put to your dyscrecyon.
¶ This question is but a vanyte
It longeth not to me
Suche questions to assoyle
¶ Syr by god that me dere bought.
I se your conynge is lytell or nought
And I shulde folowe your scole
Soone ye wolde make me a fole
Therfore crake no lenger here
Lest I take pour on the ere
And make your heed ake
¶ Syr it falleth not me to fyght
Neyther by daye ne by nyght
Therfore do by my counseyle I saye
Than to heuen thou shalte haue the way
¶ No syr I thynke ye wyll not fyght
But to take a mannes purs in the nyght
ye wyll not saye nay
For suche holy caytyues
Were wonte to be theues
And suche wolde be hanged as hye
As a man may se with his eye
In fayth this same is true.
¶ God saue euery crysten body

LAMBETHANA

p no place for the
thou he wyll haue suche fooles
on his gay stoles
I warrant the nay.
ll syr I put me in goddes wyll
yer he wyll me saue or spyll
r I pray you do so
ust in god what so euer you do.
r I praye the holde thy peas
ike to me of no goodnes
one loke thou go thy waye
with my dagger I the slaye
yth and thou meue my herte
I shalte be wery of thy parte
ou and I haue done
ynke what god suffred for the
rmes to be spredde vpon a tre
ght with a spere opened his syde
s herte appered a wounde wyde
t bought both the and me
ddes fast what is that to me
u dawe wylte thou rede me
y youthe to lese my tolyte
knaue and go thy way
with my dagger I shall the slaye
syr here what I wyll you tell
be ruled after my counsell
t ye myght syt in heuen on hye
h god and his company.
yet of god wylte thou not seas

¶ Syr I se it wyll none other wyse be
I wyll go to my brother humilite
And take counsell of hym
How it is best to be do therin.
¶ Ye mary syr I praye you of that
We thynke it were a good syght of your
I wolde se your heles hyther
And your brother and you togyder
Fettred fyne fast
ywys and I had the kaye
Ye shulde synge wela waye
Or I let you lose
¶ Farewell my maysters euerychone
I wyll come agayne anone
And tell you how I haue done
¶ And thou come hyther agayne
I shall sende the hens in the deuyls nam
What now I may haue my space
To iet here in this place
Before I myght not stere
Whan that churle charite was here
But now amonge all this chere
I wolde I had some company here
ywys my brother ryot wolde helpe me
For to bete charite
And his brother to
¶ Huffa huffa/who calleth after me
I am ryot full of iolyte
My herte is lyght as the wynde
And all of ryot is my mynde

y lyppes hange in my lyght
oe mayster youth by my fay.
come ryot in the deuyll way
ought the hyder to day.
at doyoe my legges I tell the
ought thou dyoe call me
I am come now here
ake royall chere
ll the how I haue done.
at I wende thou haddest be hanged
e thou escaped
was tolde me here
you toke a man on the ere
rs in your bosome dyd fly
in rewe all nyght ye dyd ly.
it was I beshrewe your pate
relately from newgate
I am as redy to make good chere
that neuer came there
d I haue spendynge
ll make as mery as a kynge.
are not what I do
I wyll not lye longe in pryysone
I wyll get forth soone
I haue lerned polycy
wyll lose me lyghtly
oone let me go.
oue well thy dyscrecion
ou arte all of one condicion
hart stable and stedfast at [illegible]

[2. The "Waley" Edition of the Interlude of Youth]

Thē terlude of youth.

JEsu that his armes dyd spyede
And on a tree was doue to dead
From all perils ye you defende
I desyre audyence tyl I haue made an ende
For am come from God aboue
To occuppye his lawes to your behoue
And am named Charytye
There maye no man saued be
wythout the helpe of me
For he that Charytye doth refuse
Other vertues thought ye do vse

without charitye it wyl not be
For it is written in the faythe
Qui manet in charitate in deo mone t
I am the gate I tell the
Of heauen that ioyful citye
Ther mayt no man thider come
But of charyty he must haue some
Orye may not come iwis
Unto heauen the citie of blysse
Therfore charitie who wil hym take
A pure soule it wyl him make
Before the face of God
In the. A. B. C. of bokes the least
yt is written deus charitas est
Lo charytie is a great thinge
Of all vertues it is the kynge
Whan God in earth was here liuinge
Of charyti he found none endinge
I was planted in his hart
We two might not departe
Out of hys harte I dyd sprynge
Throughe the myght of the heauen kinge
And all prestes that be
Maye singe no masse without charitie
And chary to them they do not take
Thei may not receyue him that did them make
And all thys worlde of noughte
youthe. A backe felowes and gyue me roume
Or I shall make you to auoyde sone
I am goodly of persone
I am pereles where euer I come
My name is youth I tell the
I florysh as the vine tre
who may be likeneth vnto me

In my youthe and Jolytye
My hearte is royall and bushed thicke
My body plyaunt as a hasel stycke
Mine armes be bothe fayre and strong
My fingers be both faire and longe
My chest bigge as a tunne
My legges be full lighte for to runne
To hoppe and daunce and make mery
By the masse I recke not a chery
What so euer I do
I am the heyre of my fathers lande
And it is come into my hande
I care for nomore
Are you so disposed to doo charite.
To folowe vyce and let vertue go
ye fyr euen so youthe.
For nowe a dayes he is not set by
Without he be vnthryftye
you had nede to aske God mercye charite.
Why do you so prase your body
Why knaue what is that to the youthe.
Wylt thou let me to prayse my body
Why shuld I not praise it if it be goodli
I wil not let for the
What shal it be whan thou shalt flyt charite.
For the wealth into the pyt
Therfore of it be not to boolde
Least thou forthink it whan thou art olde
ye maye be lykened to a tre
In youth florysshyng with royalte
And in age it is cut downe
And to the fyre is throwne
So shalt thou but thou amende
Be burned in hel without ende
ye horson trowest thou so youthe.

Be ware leaste thou thyder go
Hence caytyse go thy way
Or with my dagger I shal the slay
Hens fynaue out of this place
Or I shall lay the on the face
Sayest thou that I shal go to hel
For euer more there to dwel
I had leuer thou had euyll fare

Charite ¶ I yet syr do by my rede
And aske mercy for thy mysdede
And ye shalt be an heryoure of blysse
Where al ioye and myrthe is
Where thou shal se a glorys syght
Of aũgeles singyng w̃ saintes bright
Before the face of God

youthe. ¶ What syrs abowe the sky
I hay nede of a ladder to climbe so hie
But what and the ladder slyppe
Than I am deceyued yet
And if I fal I catche a quecke
I may fortune to breke my necke
And that ioynte is yll to set
Nay nay not so

Charite ¶ O yet remember cal to thy minde
The mercy of God passeth al thyng
For it is wryten by noble clerkes
The mercye of God passeth all werkes
That witnesseth holy scrypture sayngc thus
Miseratio domini super omnia opera eius
Therfore doute not goodes grace
Ther of is plenty in euery place

youthe. ¶ What me thynke ye be clerkyshe
For ye speake good gibbrysshe
Sye I pray you and you haue any store

Soyle me a questyon or ye cast out any more
Least whan your connynge is all done
My question haue no solucyon
Syr and it please you thys
Why do men eate mustred with saltfishe
Sir I praye you soile me thys question
That I haue put to your discrecyon
¶ This question is but vanitie charite.
yt longeth not to me
Suche questions to assoyle
¶ Sir by god that me dere bought youthe.
I se your connynge is littell or nought
And I shuld folowe your scole
Sone ye wold make a fole
Therfore crake no longer here
Least I take you on the eare
And make your head to ake
¶ Sir it falleth not for me to fighte charite.
Nether by day ne be night
Therfore do my counsayle I saye
Than to heuen thou shalt haue thy way
¶ No syr I thynke ye wyll not fighte youthe.
But to take a mannes purs in the nighe
ye wyll not say nay
For suche holy caitifes
Were wonte to be theues
And such wolde be hanged as hye
As a man may se with his eye
In faith this same is true
¶ God saue every christen body charite.
From suche euell destenye
And sende vs his grace
Ingrace to haue a place
¶ Nay nay I warrant the youthe.

He hathe no place for the
Wenest thou he wyll haue suche fooles
To syt on his gaie stooles.
Naye I warrant the naye

Humilitye. Well sir I put me in goddes wyll
Whether he wyll me saue or spyll
And sir I pray you do so
And truste in god what so euer ye do

youthe. Syr I praye the olde thy peace
And talke to me of no goodnes
And soone lose thou go thy waye
Leste with my dagger I the slaye
In faythe yf thou mene my harte
Thou shalte be wearye of thy parte
Or thou and I haue done

charite. Thynke what God suffered for the
His armes to be spred vpon a tree
A knight with a speare opened his side
In his harte appeared a wounde wyde
That bought both you and me

youthe. Goddes faste what is that to me
Thou dawe wylte thou rede me
In my youth to lose my ioylytie
Hence knaue and go thy waye
Or wyth my dagger I shall the slaye

charite. O syr heare what I you tell,
And be ruled after my counsell
That ye might syt in heuen hye
With God and his company

youthe. A yet of God thou wilte not ceasse
Tyll I fyght in good earnesse
On my fayth I tell the true
yf I fyght I tell the true
All the dayes of thy lyfe

¶ Syr I se well none otherwise be — charite.
I wyll go to my brother Humilitie
And take good counsayle of hym
Howe it is best to be do theryn
ye mary sire I pray you of that — youthe.
We thinke it were a good sight of your bache
I wolde se your heles hither
And your brother and you together
Fettred fine fast
I wys and I had the kay
ye shulde singe wel away
Or I let you lose — charite.
¶ Fare well my maysters eurychone
I wyll come agayne anone
And tel you howe I haue done — youthe.
¶ And thou come hither agayne
I shall sende the hens in ỳ diuels name
What nowe, I maye haue my space
To iet here in thys place
Before I myght not stere
Whan the churle charitie was here
But nowe amonge al thys chere
I wold I had some company here
I wis my brother Riot wold helpe me
For to beate charitye
And his brother to — Ryot.
¶ Hussa, hussa who calleth after me
I am Riot ful iolyte
My heart as light as the wynde
and all on Riot is my mynde
where so euer I go
But wote ye what I do here
To seke youth my compere
Fayne of hym I wolde haue a sight

But my lippes hange in my lyght
God spede master youth by my faie

youthe. Welcom Ryot in the deuels waye
who brought the hither to

Ryot. That dyd my legges I tell the
Me thought thou dyd me call
And I am come now here
To make roiall there
And tell the how I haue done

youthe. what I wende thou hadst ben henged
But I se thou arte escaped
For it was tolde me heere
you toke a man on the eare
That his purse in your bosome did flye
And so in newgate ye dyd lye

Ryot. So it was I bethrewe your parte
I come lately from Newgate
But I am as readye to make good chere
As he that neuer came there
For and I haue spendyng
I wyll make as mery as a kynge
And care not what I do
For I wyll not lye longe in prison
But wyll get forthe soone
For I haue learned a pollycie
That wyll lose me lyghtlye
And sone let me go

youthe. I loue well thy discretyon
For thou arte all of one condicion
Thou arte stable and stedfast of mynde
And not chaungable as the wynde
But sir I praye you at the leaste
Tell me more of that iesse
That thou tolde me ryght nowe

¶ Moreouer I shall tell the — Ryot.
The mayre of London sent for me
Forth of Newgate for to come
For to preche at Tyborne.
¶ By our Lady he dyd promote the — youthe.
To make the preche at the galowe tre
But syr how diddest thou scape
¶ Verely syr the rope brake — Ryot.
And so I fell to the ground
And ran away safe and sound
Be thy way I met with a courtyers lad
And twenty nobles of gold in hys purs he had
I toke the ladde on the eare
Besyde his horse I felled him there
I toke his purs in my hande
And twenty nobles therin I fande
Lorde howe I was mery.
¶ Goddes fote thou diddest ynoughe there — youthe.
For to be made knight of the colere.
¶ Ye syr I truste to God all myght — Ryot.
At the nexte cessions to be dubbed a knight
¶ Now syr by thys lyght — youthe.
That wolde I fayne se
And I plyght the so God me saue
That a surer colere thou shalt haue
And because gold colers be so good chepe
Unto the roper I shal spake
To make the one of a good pryce
And that shalbe of warrantyse.
¶ Youth I pray the haue a doo — Ryot.
And to the tauerne let vs go
And we will drynke diuers wine
And the colt shal be myne
Thou shalt not pay one peny iwis

yet thou shalt haue a wenche to kysse
whan so euer thou wilte

youthe. ¶ Mary Ryot I thanke the
That thou wylt be stowe it on me
And for thy pleasure so be it
I wold not charity shuld vs mete
And turne vs agayne
For right nowe he was with me
And said he wolde go to Humilitie
And come to me agayne

Ryot. ¶ Let him come if he will
Ye were better to bide Cyll
And he gyue the croked langage
I wyll laye him on the visage
And that thou shalt se sone
How lightly it shall be done
And he wyl not be ruled with knockes
we shall set him in the stockes
To heale his sore shinnes

youthe. ¶ I shall helpe the if I can
To dryue awaye that hang man
Herke Riot thou shalt vnderstande
I am heyre of my fathers land
And nowe they be come to my hand
Me thynke it were best therfore
That I had one man more
To wayte me vpon

Ryot. ¶ I can spede the of a seruaunte of pryce
That wil do the good seruice
I se him go here be side
Some men call him maystr pryde
I weare by God in Trinitie
I wyll go fetche him vnto the
And that euen anone

Hye the apace and come a gayne — youthe.
and bryngе with the that noble swayne
Lo mayster youth here he is — Ryot.
A prety man and wise
He wyl be glad to do good you seruyce
In al that euer he may
Welcome to me good fellowe — youthe.
I pray the whence commest thou
And thou wylt my seruaunt be
I shall geue the golde and fee
Sys I am content iwis — Pride.
To do you any seruis
That euer I can do
By likelyhod thou shulde do well ynowe — youthe.
Thou art a lykely felowe
Yes sys I warrant you — Pride.
yf ye will be rulde by me
I shall you bryngе to hye degre
What shall I do tell me — youthe.
And I wyll be ruled by the
Mary I shall tell you — Pride.
Considre ye haue good ynowe
And thing ye come of noble kinde
Aboue all men exalte thy minde
Put downe the poore and se nought bi them
Be in company with gentel man
Jette vp and downe in the waye
And your clothes loke they be gaye
The pretye wenches wyll saye than
yonder goeth a gentelmen
And euery poore felowe that goeth you by
Will do of his cap and make you curteisie
In faith this is true
Sir I thanke the by the roode — youthe.

For thy counsell that is so good
And I commit me euen nowe
Under the techynge of Ryot and you

Ryot. ¶ Lo youth I tolde you
That he was a luskye felowe

youthe. ¶ Mary syr I thanke the
That you wolde brynge hym vnto me

Pryde. ¶ Syr it were expedyente that ye had a wife
To liue with her all youre life

Ryot. ¶ A wyfe nay nay for God auowe
He shall haue fleshe inoughe
For by God that me dere bought
Ouer muche of one thinge is nought
The deuyl sayd he had leuer burne al his lyfe
Than ones for to take a wife
Therfore I saye so god me saue
He shall no wife haue
Thou hasse a syster fair and fre
I knowe well hys lemman she wyll be
Therfore I wolde she were here
That we might go and make good chere
At the wine some where

youthe. ¶ I pray you hither thou do her brynge
For she is to my likinge

Pryde. ¶ Syr I shall do my diligence
To bringe her to your presence

youthe. ¶ Hye the apace and come agayn
To haue a sight I wolde be faine
Of that lady fre

Ryot. ¶ Syr in faith I shall tell you true
She is a freshe and faire of hue
And verye propre of bodye
Men call her Lady Lechery

youthe. ¶ My herte burneth by God of myght

Till of that lady I haue a syght
Intret superbia cũ luxuria et dica superbia
Syr I haue fulfylled your entent — Pryde.
And haue brought you in thys present
That you haue sent me fore
Thou art a redy messengere — youthe.
Come hither to me my herte so dere
ye be welcome to me as the hert in my body
Syr I thãke you and at your pleasure I am — Lecheri
ye be the same vnto me
Maisters wyl ye to tauerne walk — youthe.
A worde with you here wyll I talke
And gyue you the wine
Gentle man I thanke you verely — Lecheri
And I am all redye
To waite you vpon
What sister lecherye — Ryot.
ye be welcome to our companye
Well wanton well, fye for shame — Lecheri
So sone ye do expresse my name
What if no man shuld haue knowne
I wis I shal you bete, well wanton well
A lytell pretye nylet — Ryot.
ye be well nise God wote
ye be a lytell prety pye, iwis ye go ful gingerie
Wel I se your false eye — Lecheri
winketh on me full wantonly
ye be full wanton iwis
Pryde I thanke you of your laboure — youthe.
That you had to fecth thys fayre floure
Lo youth I tolde the — Pryde.
That I wolde bryngе her with me
Sir I pray you tel me nowe
Howe doth the lyke you

youthe. Truerely wel she pleased me
For she is courteis gentyll and fre
Howe do you fayre Ladye
Howe fare you tell me
Lecheri Syr if it please you, I do well ynowe
And the better that you wyl wite
youthe. Riot I wolde be at the tauerne fayne
Least charitie vs mete and turne vs agayne
Than wold I be sory because of thys farye ladi
Ryot. Let vs go agayne be tynne
That we maye be at the wyne
Or euer that he come
Pryde. Hie the apace and go we hence
We wil let for none expence
youthe. Now we wil fil the cup and make good chere
I trust I haue a noble here
Herke sirs for God almighte
Herest thou not howe they fight
In fayth we shal them part
Yf there be any wine to sell
They shall no longer together dwell
No than I be shrewe my herte
Ryot. No syr so mote I the
Let not thy seruantes fight within the
For it is a carefull lyfe
Euermore to lyue in strife
Therefore yf yr wyll be ruled bi mi tale
We will go tothe ale
And se howe we can do
I truste to God that sitteth on hye
To lese that lyttell companye
Pride. With in an houre or two
Now let vs goo for goodes sake
And se howe merye we can make

Now lette vs go a pace — Ryot.
And I belast there I be shrewe my face
Nowe let vs go that we were there — youthe.
To make this Ladye some chere
Verelye sir I thanke the — Lecheri
That ye wyll bestowe it on me
And whan it please you on me to call
My heart is yours bodye and all
Faire Ladye I thanke the — youthe.
On the same wyse ye shall haue me
whan so euer ye please
Riot we tarye very longe — Pryde.
we wyl go euen now with a lusty songe — Ryot.
In sayth I wyll be rector chorye — Pryde.
Go to it then hardely, and let vs be agate — youthe.
I bide felowe a worde with the — charite.
whether go ye tell me
I byde and here what I shall you tell
And be ruled by my counsel
Naye no felowe ne yet mate — Pryde.
I trowe thy felowe be in Newgate
Shal we tell the whether we go
Nay iwis good John a Pepo
Who learned the thou mistaught man
To speake so to a gentylman
Thoughe his clothes be neuer so thine
yet he is come of noble kinne
Thoughe thou gyue him suche a mocke
yet he is come of a noble stocke
I let the well to wite
What syr John what saye ye — Ryot.
wolde you be fetred nowe
Thynke nat to long I pray you
If mye fortune come some yn owe

ye shall thynke it a lytell soone.

youthe. ¶ Yet syrs let thys cease
And let vs talke of goodnes

charite. He turned his tale he is a ferde
But faith he shalbe skerd
He weneth by flatteryngе to please vs againe
But he laboureth all in vayne

charite. ¶ Syr I pray you me not spare
For nothinge I do care
That ye can doe to me

Ryot. ¶ No horeson sayst thou so
Holde him pride and let me go
I shall set a prayre of rynges
That shall sit to his shinnes
And that euen anone

Pride. ¶ Hye the apace and come agayne
And bringe with he ta good chaine
To holde him here stil

charite ¶ Iesu that was borne of Mare milde
From all euyll he vs shielde
And sende you grace to amende
Or oure lyfe be at an ende
For I tell you trewlye
That ye lyue full wickedlye
I praye God it amende

Ryot. ¶ Lo syrs loke what I bringe
Is not thys a iolly ringinge
By my trouth I trowe it be
I will go with of charitie
How sayest thou mayster charitie
Dothe this geare please the

charite. ¶ They please me well in dede
The more sorowe the more mede
For God saide whyle he was man

Beati qui persecutionē patiūtur ppter iusticiā
Unto his apostles he sayde so
To teache them howe they shulde do
¶ We shall se howe they can please — Pride.
Sit downe sir and take youre ease
Me thinke these same were ful meete
To go about your sayre feete
¶ By my truthe I you tell — youthe.
They wolde become him very well
Therfore hye that they were on
Unto the tauerne that we were gone
¶ That shall yese anone — Ryot.
Howe soone they shall be on
And after we wyll not tary longe
But go hence with a mery songe — Pryde.
¶ Let vs begyn all at once — youthe.
¶ Howe haue at it by cockes bones
And soone let vs goo — charite.
¶ Lo maisters here you maye see before
That the weede ouergroweth the corne
Howe maie ye see all in this tide
How vice is taken and vertue set aside
yonder ye maye see youth is stable
But euermore chaungeable
And the nature of men is frayle
That he wotteth not what may auayle
Vertue for to make
O good Lorde it is a pitifull case
Sithy God hath lent man wyt and grace
To chose of good and euyll
That man shulde voluntarylye
To suche thynges him selfe applye
That his soule shuld spyll
¶ Christ ye was crucified & crowned w̄ thorne — himself.

And of a virgin for man was borne
Some knowledge sende to me
Of my brother Charitye

charite. Were brother humilitie
ye be welcome vnto me
Where haue ye be so longe

humili. I shall do you to vnderstande
That I haue sayd myne euensonge
But sir I praye you tel me nowe
Howe this case happened to you

charite. I shall tell youanone
The felowes that I tolde you on
Haue me thus arayed

humili. Sir I shall vndo the bandes
From your feete and your handes
Sir I praye you tell me anone
whether they be gone
And when they come againe

charite. Sir to the tauerne they begone
And they wyll come againe anone
And that shall you see

humili. Then wyll we them exhorte
Vnto vertue to resorte, & so forsake syn

charite. I will helpe you that I can
To conuert that wicked man

youthe. A bache galantes and loke vnto me
And take me for your speciall
For I am promoted to hye degree
By ryght I am kinge eternal
Neither duke ne Lorde, Baron ne knight
That maye be lykened vnto me
They be subiected to me by ryght
As seruantes to their masters shulde be

humili. Ye be welcome to thys place here

we thinke ye labour all in vayne
wherefore your braynes we wyll stere
And kele you a lytel agayne
¶ Saiest thou my braynes thou wylt stere — youthe.
I shall laye the on the eare
were thou borye in trumpington
and brought vp at Hogges norton
By my faith it semeth so
well go knaue go
¶ Do by our counsell and our rede — charite.
And aske mercye for thy mysdede
And endeuer the for goddes sake
For thy sinnes amendes to make
Or euer that thou die
¶ Harke youth for god auowe — Kyot.
He wolde haue the a sainte nowe
But youth I shall you tell
A yonge sainte an olde deuyll
Therfore I holde the a foole
And thou folowe his scole
I warrant thee I wyll not do soo — youthe.
I wyll be ruled by you two
¶ Then shall ye do well — Pryde.
yf ye be ruled by our counsell
we wyll bringe you to hye degree
And promote you to dignitie
¶ Sir it is a pitifull case — humili.
That ye wolde forsake grace
And to vyce applye
¶ Whie knaue dothe it geue thee — youthe.
Thou shalt not answer for me
when my soule hangeth on the hedge once
Then take thou and caste stones.
As faste as thou wylte

charite. ¶ Syr if it please you to do thus
Forsake them and do after vs
The better shall you do
Ryot. ¶ Syre he shall do well inowe
Thoughe he be ruled by neither of you
Therfore crake no longer here
Least you haue on the eare
And that a good knocke
Pride. ¶ Lyghtlye se thou auoyde the place
Or I shall gyue the on the face
youth I trowe that he wolde
Make you holy or ye be olde
And I swere by the rode
It is tyme inoughe to be good
whan that ye be olde
youthe. ¶ Syr by my truthe I the say
I wyll make mery whiles I may
I can not tell you ho we long
Ryot. ¶ ye sir so mote I thryue
Thou art not certayne of thy life
Therfore thou were a starke foole
Ro leue myrthe and folowe their foole
humili. ¶ Syr I shall him exhorte
Unto vs to resorte
And you to forsake
Pride. ¶ I like him if he wyll do so
To forsake vs and folowe you two
Nay I warrant you nay
humili. ¶ That shall you se euen anone
I wyll vnto him gone
And se what he will saye
Ryot. ¶ Hardely go on thy waye
I know well he wyll say nraye
youthe. ¶ ye syr be God that me dere wought

We think ye laboure all for nought
Wenest thou that I will for the
Or thy brother Charytie
Forsake thys good companye
Nay I warrant the
¶ No mayster I praye you of that
For anye thynge for sake vs nat
and all oure counsell rule you by
ye may be Emperour or ye dye
¶ While I haue life in my body
Shall I be ruled by Riot and the
¶ Sir than shall ye do well
For we be true as stele
Syr can teache you to play at the dice
At the quenes game and at the Iryshe
The Treygobet and the hasarde also
And many other games mo
Also at the cardes I can theche you to play
At the triump and one and thyrtye
Post pinion and also aumsase
And at ad other they call dewsace
yet I can tel you more ye thyll con me thanke
Pinke and drinke and also at the blanke
And many sportes mo
¶ I thanke the Riot so mote I the
For the counsell thou haste geuen me
I will folowe thy minde in euery thinge
And guide me after thy learnynge
¶ Youth leue that counsell for it is nought
And amende that thou hast myswrought
That thou maist saue that God hath boughte
¶ What saye ye mayster charitie
Whath hath God bought
By my trouth I and we not

Pride.

youthe.

Ryot.

youthe.

charite.

youthe.

whether that he goeth in white or blacke
He came neuer at the stues
Nor in no place where I do vse
I wis he bought not my cap
Nor yet my foylie hat
I wot not what he hath bought for me
And he bought any thynge of myne
I wyll geue hym a quarte of wyne
The nexte tyme I hym meete

charite. ¶ Sir this he dyd for the
When thou wast bonde he made the free
And bought the wyth his bloud

youthe. ¶ Sir I praye you tell me
Howe may thys be
That I knowe I was neuer bonde
Unto none in Englande

charite. ¶ Sir I shall tell you
Whan Adam had done greate trespas
And out of paradise exiled was
Then all the soles as I can you tell
Were in the bondage of the deuyll of hell
Tyll the father of heauen of hys great mercie
Sent the seconde person in Trinitie
Us for to redeme
And so wyth his precyous bloude
He bought vs on the roode
And our soules dyd saue

youthe. ¶ Howe shulde I saue it tell me nowe
and I wyll be ruled after you my soule to saue

Ryot. ¶ What youth wyll you forsake me
I wyll not forsake thee

humili. ¶ I shall tell you shortely
Knele downe and aske God mercye
For that you haue offended

youth wylte thou do so — Pride.
Folowe them and let vs go
Marye I trowe naye
Here all sinne I forsake — youthe.
And to God I me betake
Good Lorde I praye the haue no indignacion
That I a sinner shulde aske saluacyon
Nowe thou muste forsake pryde — charite.
And all Riot set aside
I wyll not him forsake — Pride.
Neither early ne late
I wende he wolde not forsake me
But if it wyll none otherwise bee
I wyll go my waye
Sir I praye God be your spede — youthe.
and helpe your at your nede
I am sure thou wilt not forsake me — Ryot.
Nor I wyll not forsake thee
I forsake you also — youthe.
and wyll not haue with you to do
And I forsake the vtterlye — Ryot.
Fye on the caytife fye
Once a promise thou dyd me make
That thou wolde me neuer forsake
But nowe I se it is harde
For to truste the wretched worlde
Fare well masters euerycheone — humili.
For your synne looke ye morne
and euyll creatures loke ye tourne
For your name who maketh insicion
Saye it is good contricion
That for sinne doth morne
Here is a newe araye — charite.
For to walke by the waye

your prayer for to saye.

humili. ¶ Here be bedes for your deuocyon
And kepe you from all temptacyon
Let not dyce deuoure
Whan ye se mysdoing men
Good counsell geue them
And teach them to amende

youthe. ¶ For my synne I wyll morne
All creatures I wyll turne
and whan I see misdoinge men
Good counsell I shall geue them
and exorte them to to amende

charite. ¶ Then shall ye be an heritour of blysse
Where all ioye and myrth is

youthe. ¶ To the whiche eternall
Go bryngc the persons all
Here beynge amen.

humili. Thus haue we brought our matter to an ende
Before the persons here present
Wolde euery man be contente
Leaste onother daye we be shente

charite. ¶ Yde thanke all thys presente
Of theyr meeke audyence

humili. ¶ Jesu that sytteth in heauen so hye
Men and women that here be
amen amen, for charitie.

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